

# **Grandma**

## **By Faye Tuttle**

**I think we cry at funerals, not just because they're gone,  
But for all the dear sweet memories that they have passed along.  
The yesteryears when they were young and did a full days work,  
And never from their household duties or the farm chores shirk.  
I remember Grandma, working long hours in her garden,  
Planting flowers where weeds would have grown, and hoeing so the ground  
wouldn't harden.**

**So early in the morning, with shovel in her hand,  
Taking a stream of water to wet the thirsty land.  
Making dams and ditches, she shoveled like a man,  
Her garden was so lovely, like a well laid plan.  
Boiling homemade soap on the old back porch,  
Chopping wood and hauling coal, and never did her rice pudding scorch.  
Grandma always cooked me cabbage, my father said it really smelled bad,  
But she would say when we came in the house, this cabbage is for Faye--  
Sheila don't be sad.**

**She cooked it in her old black kettle and added a little cream,  
I always ate until my stomach hurt, my Grandma's cabbage tasted supreme.  
She always took food to the neighbors, and fed everyone she could,  
That old black stove was always hot, chuck full of coal and wood.  
And sleeping in that old soft bed, with a brick to warm your feet,  
The quilts were always piled a mile high, sleeping at Grandmas was really  
neat.**

**She's always been so independent, insisting on paying her own way,  
You never could get even with her, not even for just a day.  
She always loved to be at home, with all her memories there,  
Watching her cook on that old coal stove, it seemed she didn't have a care  
So many memories linger, of how it used to be,  
And all of them so very dear, to you and also me.**

**These last few years have been a trial, for she couldn't do for others,  
It was our turn to do for her, and the children for their mother.  
But everything must change in life, and it's hard sometime to take,  
The passing of dear Grandma is a change I hate to make.  
I'll always love her dearly, I think of her most days,  
For the example she set for me, has helped in so many ways.  
Each time a love one passes on, it leaves an empty space.  
But someday we'll all be together again, and see her bright smiling face.**